

The CLOAK



CRIME IN THE BLACKOUT! SUDDEN DEATH IN THE DARKNESS! IN THE NATION'S HOUR OF TRIAL, GREEDY MEN STILL SEEK BLOOD-STAINED GOLD.... AND JEFF CARDIFF OF THE F.B.I. MEETS THE MURDERING PROFITEERS AS — *THE CLOAK!*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AN AIR RAID WARNING IS SOUNDING. LOS ANGELES IS BEING BLACKED OUT. PLEASE COOPERATE. THIS STATION WILL KEEP YOU INFORMED...



"...THE LIGHTS BLINK OFF, THE SHADOWS CREEP SWIFTLY, LOS ANGELES BECOMES A CITY OF NIGHT...."



MURDER STRIKES IN THE BLACKOUT!





**WEB COMIC
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CARDIFF! THIS IS THE MAN
WE WERE ON OUR WAY TO
SEE — CHARLIE BARROWS,
MANAGING EDITOR OF
THE DAILY DISPATCH!

HE WOULDN'T MIND
HIS OWN BUSINESS!
ENGR... AT ON
HIS TOMBSTONE!

BARROWS WAS RUNNING
ARTICLES IN THE
DISPATCH, EXPOSING
FIRMS THAT WERE
PROFITEERING ON
GOVERNMENT CONTRACTS.
THAT MIGHT BE CALLED
"NOT MINDING HIS OWN
BUSINESS." HEY?

RIGHT!

...AND NOW THE "ALL-CLEAR,"
SIGNALS ARE SOUNDING, FOLKS!
HEAR THEM! SO — NO AIR
RAID TONIGHT! THE LIGHTS
ARE GOING ON AGAIN

AS THE LIGHTS GO ON AGAIN ...

FALLON! LOOK!
THAT MAN RUNNING
OUT OF THE
DISPATCH BUILDING!

YEAH!
WHAT'S HIS
HURRY, I
WONDER?

A BOMB! WE
WANT THAT
FELLOW, FALLON!

I'LL
SAY WE
DO!

NOT SO FAST!
I WANT A
WORD WITH YOU!

WHAT
THE—?

WHERE'D
HE COME
FROM?

YOU GET
OFF HERE,
WISE GUY!

YOU SAY THE BOMB
WENT OFF IN THE
PRESS ROOM, BUT
THE PRESSES
WEREN'T DAMAGED?

A HOLE IN
THE FLOOR AND A
WALL SMASHED,
THAT'S ALL. THE
GUY DIDN'T KNOW
HIS BUSINESS.

LOOK HERE, FALLON. SO
FAR AS THE CRIMINALS
KNOW, I COULD BE DEAD.
RIGHT? WELL, TELL
THE REPORTERS THAT
I AM DYING.

WHAT?
WHY?

BECAUSE, ON THE FACE OF
IT, THIS IS A LOCAL CRIME,
SO, AS A FEDERAL MAN, I
CAN'T WORK ON THE CASE.
BUT I INTEND TO, JUST THE
SAME—AS *THE GLOAK*!

LATER THAT NIGHT... A CLOAKED FIGURE SCALES
THE FENCE AROUND THE GROUNDS OF THE DUDLEY
MACHINE-TOOL COMPANY...

THE DUDLEY COMPANY WAS
THE MAIN OBJECT OF CHARLIE
BARROW'S EDITORIAL ATTACKS.
MAYBE I CAN FIND OUT
SOMETHING AROUND HERE!

HMM! THOSE
FELLOWS SURE
GET AROUND.

YOU'RE A GOOD GIRL,
MISS DUDLEY—WORKING
NIGHTS FOR YOUR FATHER!
—SO WE WOULDN'T WANT
TO HARM YOU! WHERE
ARE THOSE CONTRACTS?

OH! /
YOU'RE
HURTING
ME!

IT'S ALL RIGHT,
MISS! I'M GOING
TO HURT HIM!



25 SHORT WHILE LATER . . .

THOSE THUGS ARE SECURELY TIED, AND THE COPS WILL SOON BE HERE. SO YOU CAN DRIVE TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS AND COMFORT YOUR FATHER.

DUDL

AS FOR ME—I'LL DO SOME CHECKING UP ON MR. JAMES MARRONEL AND COMPANY.

TWENTY MINUTES DRIVING—
NOT BAD!

KEEP OUT
MARRONEL
THIS COMPANY

A SKELETON KEY'S
A HANDY GADGET
SOMETIMES.

MARRONEL
MPA

1 BUT AS JEFF SLIPS THROUGH THE GATE, MEN LEAP FROM THE SHADOWS!

WHAT DO
YOU WANT,
SPY?

GIVE HIM
THE WORKS!

THE MORE
THE MERRIER!

URFF!

I GUESS
I'M THE
CHAMP!

2 OUT OF THE NIGHT A LOOPED ROPE
SNAKES AND DROPS OVER JEFF'S
HEAD.

I AIN'T FORGOT HOW
TO TROW A LASSO,
MR. MARRONEL!

YOUR EXPERIENCE AS
A COWBOY "HEAVY" IN
THE MOVIES COMES IN
HANDY SOMETIMES, BUCK!



WE'LL SWING THIS DERRICK
BOOM OVER THE WATER
AND LET THE CABLE SLIP.
IF THIS SPY ISN'T HANGED,
HE'LL DROWN. HA HA HA!

MARRONEL STARTS THE DERRICK
AND THE ROPE TIGHTENS...

WAIT! TELL ME I'M
RIGHT—BEFORE I DIE!
YOU HAD BARROWS
MURDERED, DIDN'T YOU?

YES! BARROWS WAS IN
WITH ME—UNTIL TONIGHT!
WE TRIED TO MAKE THE
GOVERNMENT SUSPECT DUDLEY'S
COMPANY—SO I'D GET THE
CONTRACTS. IT WASN'T
WORKING SO WELL THOUGH—

—SO BARROWS WAS
KILLED. YOU FIGURED
DUDLEY WOULD BE
BLAMED, HEY? AND
BARROWS, DEAD, COULD
NEVER BE A WITNESS
AGAINST YOU. RIGHT?

YES!
AND NOW
YOU DIE!



SORRY!
YOU'RE THE
VICTIM!

AAARGO!

I DON'T THINK A BULLET
WOULD STOP A
GORILLA LIKE YOU!

UHHH!



A SHORT WHILE LATER...

I'M AT THE MARRONEL
PLANT, FALLON. COME ON
OVER—WITH THE PATROL
WAGON! MARRONEL'S GONE
OUT OF BUSINESS!

